

What if?

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Summary: What if Hiccup never went after his father? What if he was too broken by his father telling him that he wasn't his son?

What if?

Pain,

Sorrow,

Betrayal,

Numbness,

Those were the emotions that ran rampant through his body as he stared at the departing fleet of ships, the cries of his dragon, his one and only friend, echoing through his skull long after they had disappeared over the waters horizon.

Astrid had tried to comfort him, he had given her a dead look, and she had left. He was tired, oh so tired; the rejections of his people and father weighing heavily upon him, Years upon years of hurt and bitterness bringing morose thoughts to the forefront of his mind. They had never cared for him, they had never wanted him. His own father had never wanted him for a son.

He had tried, oh how he had tried to be the perfect son, but it had never been enough. Well now he was done, done with a life he had never asked for. He went home; packed all his belongings, as well as anything he needed to survive and went to the docks to wait. He'd give his father two days to return, and if he didn't come, then he was probably dead.

He had waited for hours, staring indirectly at the path of the sun as it crossed the sky, and just as it was sinking below the horizon he heard the familiar call of his dragon. Toothless was swimming serpent

like through the water, the huge wood and metal collar still around his neck. They had greeted each other warmly both beyond happy they had not lost each other. Though it had taken the better part of an hour for Hiccup to cut his way through the thick wood, his friend was finally free of the damn thing by moon rise.

Toothless had immediately fallen asleep once it was off, and Hiccup had to wonder just how far and how fast his friend had to swim. Hiccup didn't think further on it as he curled up next to the warm body of his friend; he was still too happy that Toothless was alive.

oOo

During the setting of the sun on the second day, as Hiccup finished repairing the Toothless's damaged flight gear, a lone ship appeared on the horizon, bearing the tattered symbol of his people. Hiccup mounted Toothless with his three large woven baskets, one on his back and the other two strapped to Toothless's side. Each filled with what he now considered his. Soon the remainder of those that had stayed behind had quickly made their way down to the docks, most openly sobbing as they realized that only ten people were on board; including his sire. All those that dismounted were heavily injured, his sire clutching at the small stub that used to be his arm. Hiccup looked at the man with his dead eyes, toothless growling lowly in his throat. He saw the accusations in his sire's eyes and decided to put a stop to them.

"You never listened. You gave the order." His voice was dead, monotone, and he saw several people flinch at the sound of it. His sire looked ready to argue, but stopped, and instead started speaking,

"Sonâ€¦ I â€¦"

He cut him off, "No. I was never your son, sire; I was only a burden to you and your people. Something you and the rest took great pleasure in reminding me of every waking moment of every day."

The man and the others looked at him in horror, but his face remained neutral, cold. Toothless prepared to take flight on his silent order, his wings spread wide as people backed away in fright, some shirking, and acting as if they had just noticed the presence of the dragon. Hiccup laughed coldly, before turning his attention to his sire. The large man was down on his knees his expression pleading, though Hiccup didn't know for what. Maybe it was for him to stay, or maybe it was for him to forgive his sire and his people, maybe it was both. But it didn't matter anymore; his heart was too damaged by these people. So he stared into his sire's eyes, seeing the hope that was there, and crushing it mercilessly, just as his sire had done to him many times over.

"Goodbye Sire." The man's face fell at his cold words, and Hiccup could see the man's heart breaking.

He no longer cared.

Toothless took off, and Hiccup not once looked back, his heart singing in joy the longer and farther they flew. He was finally free, free from the expectations, free from the pressure of trying to be

someone he was not, free from the disappointed looks of his once people.

Finally free to be himself.

Toothless let out a joy filled roar, Hiccup following suit with a yell of his own.

They were free.

Ok people, I'm not entirely sure if this is going to be a prologue for another story (though I'm heavily leaning that way) or just stay as a one-shot. So until I can get a good ideaâ€|Mehâ€|

End
file.